"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE DOCTOR'S TWO PATIENTS.

"O! profession, too noble for man, office rather of angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken hearted, of snatching life from death, and giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the wife to the husband, the loved one to the loving,—shame that this office should ever be filled by a mere sordid mercenary, or attempted by an ignorant quack."

THE doctor had made a long round; he was tired to death, and the worst of the matter was, all the foolish patients had real maladies; not the imaginary, fantastical complaints of the rich, who are ill because they have the leisure, but the positive, substantial malady of the poor.

Now, as these troublesome patients were really afflicted with the long catalogue of ills that "flesh and blood is heir to," and as our young doctor was very foolishly unlike a great many of his wiser brethren, he felt himself unable to miss them, or cut them altogether; and as one disagreeable consequence generally comes pretty closely on the heels of another, it of course came to pass that all his patients were poor, and the doctor himself not very rich; and thus again it followed that he was obliged to adopt that primitive mode of carrying himself about, the fashion of which was first set by Adam—we mean that the Doctor not being able to afford a carriage, or a cab, or a stanhope, or tilbury, was obliged to carry himself.

Now, on the morning in question, the Doctor had carried himself till he was thoroughly tired of his burthen, and he came home weary and worn, though not complaining, just within a few degrees of the danger of doing so.

"Two new patients want you directly," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Will not to-morrow morning do?" asked the Doctor, as he looked at his own arm chair by the fire, and that fire a good one, his slippers most invitingly ready for his feet, the table spread for his dinner—"Will not to-morrow morning do?"

"I believe not, sir; they seem urgent."

"But if people only scratch a finger or happen to sneeze, the Doctor must come on his peril, without a moment's delay. Did you ask what was the matter with them?"

"The lady has a fever, sir, and the man"—

"The *lady* and the *man*—oh, then the lady is a lady, and the man is only a man. Ah, I understand you, they are of different conditions."

"You could leave the man until to-morrow, sir."

"Could I—and suppose that he should die during the night?"

Now, though our Doctor had fairly and honestly earned a right to a little rest, having most thoroughly tired himself in his vocation, the foolish sort of conscience of which we have already spoken of forming one of the component parts of his character, would not allow him to discard his boots, or plunge into the comforts of his easy chair; so breaking the corner of a crust and giving one last longing, lingering look to his cheerful fire, he summoned up all his resolution, and once more ventured forth in the rain and mud.

The Doctor made his nearest visit to the first; it happened to be a lady.

The evening was darkening, and the gas growing bright, when our Doctor lifted the knocker of a sort of shabby genteel looking house in one of those ambiguous streets, of which it is impossible to say whether they are within or without the pale of polite toleration; the difficulty arising from their standing just on the line where gentility ends and vulgarity begins, and being in fact of the worst of the best, or the best of the worst, nobody being able to decide which, excepting the inhabitants, and they gave a positive opinion,

because they know the street, wherever it may happen to stand, is second only to Grosvenor Square. Our Doctor's summons was answered by a maid of the same nondescript character. The inside of the house is in exact keeping with its external countenance; the furniture and arrangements being all of a similar class of shabby gentility; and our hero saw at a glance, that it was "Lodgings to Let."

The apartment into which he was ushered, looked sufficiently uncomfortable; there were marks in the fire place that there had once been a fire, but it might have been a week ago, for any symptoms that appeared to the contrary. Our Doctor felt the gloom of the place, but when shown into the adjoining room, the scene was still more desolate. A faint untrimmed lamp burning low in the socket, emitted flickering flashes of light over the apartment just sufficient to show a woman in the middle of life, burning with fever and raving with delirium, lying on a bed; and a girl, the perfect image of fear and misery, weeping over her.

The Doctor sat down by the side of that solitary bed, and proceeded to speak of hope and comfort, and the young nurse dried her tears, and listened to his words as though they had been syllabled by an angel tongue.

"You are not alone?" asked the Doctor,

"Yes," replied the girl, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"It is not fit that you should continue so. Had you not better send for some friends to share your vigils?"

Fresh tears came into the young girl's eyes as she answered:—

"We have no friends, at least in this great town, if any where."

"Are you strangers in town?"

"We have been here only a month."

"And have you really no connexions, in town?"

"No, mamma came on law business."

"And are you sole nurse?"

"We are alone," replied the girl, "alone in the world."

"The people of the house—"

"Are afraid of coming near us. They dread infection; it is natural."

"May I send you a nurse?"

The girl again shook her head.

The Doctor *felt* rather than saw that pecuniary difficulties were the objection.

"You will not be able to stand much more fatigue," and the Doctor looked on her flushed cheeks, her bloodshot eyes, and her evident exhaustion.

"Yes, I can stand anything; you have strengthened me with hope."

"But to-night will be an anxious night—a crisis in this disorder; and in the midst of fever and delirium, I am obliged to warn you it is not right that you be unsupported."

"You know that she will die!" exclaimed the girl, and in a paroxysm of frantic grief she threw herself upon her knees by the bedside, hiding her face in its folds and clutching handfuls of its drapery in her convulsive grasp.

"I have already told you," said the Doctor, "that I do not know it—that I do not even think it—but, certainly, something better than the indulgence of childish sorrow is imperatively called for."

The girl rose up again with an offended air, notwithstanding her grief. "I shall do all that I can."

"And I shall do the same," replied the Doctor.

Our Doctor went from that shabby genteel looking house to one of much less doubtful aspect; it was so thoroughly and perfectly miserable that no one in his senses could shut his eyes on its wretchedness and desolation.

It was not quite dark, and the streets were like a black sea, perfectly fluid with mire and mud. Not a light glimmered in the obscure court into which our Doctor entered, for the commissioners of lighting and paving left the one to the moon, and the other to the mud; and as the moon happened to be absent on other duty, it required some courage and perseverance on Mr Kendrick's part to steer himself into the farthest extremity of the court, and up three pairs of stairs into a back attic, where he at length found his patient.

Alas! alas! that these bodies of ours should be the avenues of so much misery. Not a nerve of this corporal frame but opens a channel to suffering, not an atom that may not vibrate with agony.

Very dreary and desolate was the chamber, the fitting scene of human suffering. Not a spark of fire to lighten the aspect of its squalid poverty; a deal table,

a chair with broken spindles and worn-out rush bottom, and a trundle bed, were all its garniture; and on that bed was lying the second patient.

Our Doctor drew the rickety chair close to him and sat down. A wretched rushlight made the darkness visible, and cast its pale light on the features of the miserable man; he was cadaverous and attenuated; his features almost incredibly sharp and thin; a pair of wild but faded eyes, deep sunk into their sockets, shot out fierce glances of anger and suspicion; lowering shaggy eyebrows, a bald forehead, and a few white locks on each side completed the picture. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust and fear and fretfulness.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the sick man, staring fiercely as the Doctor took his station by his bedside; "Who are you?"

"I have come to see if I can do you any good," replied the Doctor in soothing tones.

"Good! No! nobody can do me any good!"

"You must not be sure of that. It is worth the trial."

"Sure! yes, I am sure! I suppose you are a Doctor. I want no Doctors! they kill more than they cure. Don't waste your time here."

"I shall not think it wasting if I can be of any service to you."

"There, go away, go away. I hate your whole tribe! Leeches! Blood-suckers!"

"Well, even they are good things in their way; a Doctor may be as good in his way," replied Mr Kendrick, good-naturedly.

"Better out of the way grumbled the impatient man.

"Have you tried them?" asked the Doctor.

"No, nor intend it."

"Then you condemn in ignorance; a wise man ought not to do so."

"Hark ye, Sir," exclaimed the sick man, raising himself upon his elbow, with a look of fierce exultation, as though what he was about to say were quite unanswerable; "Hark ye, Sir; the poor are bad patients for your tribe. Look around this room; do you think a broker would give five shillings for all it contains?"

"Probably not," replied Kendrick.

"Ha! ha!—and where do you think the money would come from to pay your long bills? No, no; go away, go away. You would never get paid; you see that you never would be paid."

"I am willing to give up the expectation; but that is no reason why I should leave you to die."

"But if you never get paid, what does it matter to you whether I live or die?"

"If I had never seen you, or known of your existence, nothing; but having seen you, I am bound to my own conscience to do all that I can for you."

"Without getting paid?" screamed the patient, "without getting paid?"

"That does not affect my responsibility' I think I can do you some good; it is my duty to try, it is yours to let me."

"Try, then," grumbled the sick man.

* * * * *

The Doctor went home, but not to the enjoyment of his dinner, his easy chair, his slippers, or his good fire; it was only to make preparations for the care of his two new patients.

Another hour had made a wonderful difference in the aspect of affairs. Mr Kendrick had managed in that time to surround his poor patient with a few comforts, and sent him a blanket, procuring him the cheering advantage of a fire, had given him medicine, and what was equally necessary, nutritive food.

Neither had he been less careful of his other patient. There he had himself administered medicine; himself soothing the pillow, and seeing all that was needful duly done.

And never was kindness and support more craved for than in that sick chamber. The girl totally unused to depend upon herself, and in a situation that would have tried the strongest fortitude, sat by the bedside of her mother, who was raving with delirium, almost paralyzed with terror. They were evidently strangers, and unknown. There was not a friend or relative to share their toil, to cheer or sustain her under it. Our Doctor, however, sanctioned by his profession, became both nurse and comforter, and by that immutable law which makes the weak lean upon the strong, he was, under God, her trust, her strength, her oracle.

Three days—three days of unspeakable anxiety and terror to poor Esther—followed. Alas, the heavy weight of moments that seemed hours—of hours that seemed days, of days that seemed years. Poor Esther's bloodshot eyes, her pallid lips, her fainting frame, bore witness to the flagging spirit; but our Doctor's cheering voice, his strength of mind, and his consoling courage still sustained her. By a gentle but firm compulsion, he had made her at intervals take an hour's rest upon the sofa in the adjoining room, whilst he assumed her station at the bedside. In a calm, kind, authoritative voice he had ordered her to take needful food, and she obeyed him like a child. When she grew frantic, he reproved; when she despaired, he consoled. O! profession too noble for man, office rather of angel, to be the instrument of binding up the broken heart, of snatching life from death, and giving to the mother the child, to the husband the wife, the loved one to the loving,—shame that the office should be ever filled by a sordid mercenary!

We have said that three days of the bitterest anxiety had passed; the fourth brought with it better hopes. The delirium had abated, the fever was allayed, and Mrs Heathcote lay weak and motionless, but memory and comprehension had resumed their functions.

But memory and comprehension, though they served to reassure poor Esther's spirits, seeming to give her the identity of her living parent, brought with them but little solace to the sufferer, for with them came the remembrance of those anxieties which had been in fact the occasion of her maladies; and our Doctor found, what he had before more than suspected, that his own bill was not quite as "safe as the Bank of England."

The Doctor's other patient lay with his head half raised from his pillow, supported by his hand, striving to catch the first echo of his footsteps on the stairs.

"Another half hour gone, and not here yet!" said the poor patient, his glistening eyes fastened on the door, "another half hour. Has he forgotten me, or has something happened?"

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE RICH MAN IN HELL.

"And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angel's into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried: and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame.'—Luke xvi. 22—24.

Writers of all sects agree that this is a parable, although some men will have it not so. We might ask such persons the following questions. Will those in hell see into heaven? Will they be allowed to hold conversation with the blessed? Will Abraham or any of the heavenly residents be subject to the entreaties of the damned? Will the inhabitants of bliss be in a position to see the sufferings, and hear the groans of the lost? Will the good be placed, literally, in Abraham's bosom? The most ignorant believe no such thing. The whole passage is most certainly a parable. Now a parable is a passage in which one thing is said and another meant. It is a figure of speech in which the truth is to be found under the outside dress. The ablest commentators of all denominations agree that this is a parable; and a parable is not to be understood literally.

We believe the following to be the true interpretation:

The rich man represented the Jewish nation, or perhaps the Jewish priesthood—whose religious services were distinguished by an array of purple and fine linen, the beggar, Lazarus, represented the Gentiles. They were poor in the estimation of the Jews,—they were despised and said to dwell in spiritual poverty and disease. They had no way to gain the knowledge of the true God, but by lying at the gate of the Jews; and eating the crumbs that fell from their spiritual table, from the writings of Moses and the prophets, the only divine writings then in the world.

But a change! a change! is to come over both the rich man, the Jews; and the beggar, the Gentiles. Jesus has come with a new kingdom—a new dispensation. Jesus foresaw the downfall of the Jews; their pride and rejection of him the true bread from heaven and informs the Jews "that God is able of these stones, (the Gentiles) to raise up children to Abra-

ham. The beggar (the Gentile body) died to his former estate and was carried by Angels, God's messengers, the Apostles, into Abraham's bosom, i.e. the faith of Abraham.

The rich man died (the Jews) passed away their former glory, driven into exile, outcasts on the face of the earth. This parable was spoken before those things came to pass, how most marvellously has it been fulfilled. Jesus Christ said unto the Jews, "think not to say within yourselves we have Abraham for our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones (Gentiles) to raise up children unto Abraham. When the Gentile woman came to Jesus for help, he said "it was not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs;" and she said, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." How striking the similarity of language to this parable. The same view of this parable is taken by Christian ministers who hold very diverse views from us, concerning the future state of the dead. The following excellent explanation of it is by the Rev. James Bates, a clergyman of the Church of England:—

"We will suppose, then, the *rich man who fared so sumptuously*, to be the Jew; so amply enriched with the heavenly revelation. *The poor beggar, who lay at his gate* in so miserable a plight, was the poor Gentile; now reduced to the last degree of want in regard to religious knowledge. The *crumbs which fell from the rich man's table*, and which the beggar was so desirous of picking up, were such fragments of patriarchal and Jewish traditions as their travelling philosophers were able to pick up, with their utmost care and diligence. And those philosophers were also the *dogs that licked the sores* of heathenism and endeavoured to supply the wants of divine revelation, by such schemes and hypotheses concerning the nature of the Gods, and the obligation of moral duties, as (due allowance for their ignorance and frailties,) did no small honour to human nature, and yet, thereby plainly showed, how little a way unassisted reason could go, without some supernatural help,—as one of the wisest of them frankly confessed. About one and the same time, *the beggar dies, and is carried by the angels* (i.e. God's spiritual messengers to mankind) *into Abraham's bosom*; that is, he is engrafted in the church of God. *And the rich man also dies and is buried.* He dies what we call a political death. His dispensation ceases. He is rejected from being any longer the peculiar Son of God. The people whom he parabolically represents, are miserably destroyed by the Romans, and the wretched remains of them driven into exile over the face of the earth; mere vagabonds with a kind of mark set upon them, like Cain, their prototype for a like crime, and which mark may perhaps be their adherence to the law. Whereby it came amazingly to pass, that these people, though dispersed, yet still dwell alone and separate; *not being reckoned among the nations*, as Balaam foretold. The rich man being reduced to this state of misery, complains bitterly of his hard fate: but is told by Abraham, that he slipped his opportunity, while Lazarus laid hold on his, and now receives the comfort of it. The Jew complains of the want of more evidence, to convince his countrymen, the five brethren; and would fain have Lazarus sent from the dead to convert them. But Abraham tells him, that IF THEIR OWN SCRIPTURES CANNOT CONVINCE THEM OF THEIR ERROR, NEITHER WOULD THEY BE PERSUADED THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM THE DEAD. And exactly so it proved in the event. For, this parable was delivered toward the end of the third year of our Lord's ministry; and in the fourth or following year of it, the words put into the mouth of Abraham, as the conclusion of the parable, are most literally verified, by our Lord's raising another Lazarus from the dead. And we may presume that the beggar had the fictitious name of Lazarus given him in the parable, not without some reason, since the supposed request of the rich man was fully answered, by our Lord's raising another, and a real Lazarus from the dead. But what was the consequence? Did this *notorious* miracle convince the rich man's brethren? No, truly. His visit to them from the dead was so far from convincing them, that they actually CONSULTED TOGETHER THAT THEY MIGHT PUT LAZARUS TO DEATH; BECAUSE THAT BY REASON OF HIM MANY OF THE JEWS WENT AWAY AND BELIEVED IN JESUS."

RELIGIOUS DISSIPATION.

We had not risen from the breakfast table one morning, when a female, rather young and fashionably dressed, entered the room. After a few commonplace civilities, she turned to Mrs Clifford, saying, "I called to tell you that Mr S—— is in town; he preaches to-day at ——, and you must positively put on your things and go with me to hear him." "Could I consistently do so," replied her friend, "I should be very happy to accompany you; but excuse me if I say, that were this excellent man to see the dear little group by which I am surrounded, he would be the first to forbid my leaving them to listen to his sermon." Perhaps the conscious recollection of some duty not performed at home just then stung the feelings of our fair devotee, or it might be purely a misguided zeal which reddened on her cheek as she retorted somewhat sharply. When, like Martha's, the heart is careful and troubled about many things, it is easy to find a pretext of duty to prevent our listening to the words of Jesus." Mrs Clifford mildly answered, "I hope I am aware of this plausible deception, but in the present instance I am not conscious of meriting the rebuke. You may remember my dear Mrs. Hammond, that Martha was not censured for a necessary attention to her ordinary and relative duties, but for an undue anxiety, an ostentatious and ill-timed desire of providing things more than hospitably good. Perhaps, too, I may remind you that there subsists a visible difference between her neglecting to hear the words of the Redeemer, when he honoured her roof with his sacred presence, and my declining to attend the discourse of one of his servants, when such an attendance, would necessarily involve a neglect of duties more strictly enjoined upon me." "You have always a great deal to say about duties, my dear," resumed the lady; "but if I read my Bible aright, no duties are so acceptable with God, as an affectionate reception of his Gospel, and a desire to see his kingdom advanced in our own hearts and in the world around." She then magnanimously declared her resolution to 'persist in her attachment to the word preached,' although it continued to expose her to many domestic sacrifices, and involved her in several petty persecutions.

"I believe Mrs. Clifford could have convinced her fair friend that she had not read her bible aright, but as a spirit of recrimination certainly was not the temper by which she sought to maintain the honour of religion she thought it better to drop the subject than to expose her visitor to the imminent risk of losing her temper."

A short silence, therefore, ensued, till Mr. Clifford inquired of Mrs. Hammond, whether she had yet had an opportunity of visiting the sick woman, whose case he had recommended to her? "No, really," she replied, "I have not had one moment of leisure since you named her to me. On Monday I was at a Bible Society's meeting; Tuesday I went to hear Mr. —— preach; Wednesday I dined at Mrs. Nelson's, when a select number of serious friends were assembled to meet the minister. All Thursday I was occupied in endeavouring to procure subscribers to our Dorcas Society; and to-day I shall hardly have time to swallow my dinner, on my return home, before the arrival of a lady who has promised to go with me to hear a sermon for the benefit of the Sunday school."

As Mrs. Hammond paused, I asked my friend, in a low voice, "Is it possible to be *religiously dissipated*." "I fear it is possible, though not, I should hope, a very frequent case," he observed; then, turning to the lady who had given birth to the supposition, he said, "As your engagements are already so numerous, I fear your intended charity will come too late for poor Susan. Our Emma saw her on Wednesday; she was then almost incapable of receiving any nourishment, and I believe that in a few days her sufferings and her wants will cease.—If I mistake not, Mr. Clifford designed to convey a practical reproof to this wandering star, and perhaps for a moment it was felt as such; but soon the salutary effects of her regret evaporated into extravagant expressions of sorrow. "Surely," she exclaimed, "there never was so unfortunate a being before, I would have made any sacrifices rather than to have lost the opportunity of hearing the dying language of this poor but pious creature." Then addressing Emma, "How I envy you

Miss Clifford; it must be a sweet satisfaction, to reflect on the many hours which for this year past you have spent in reading to the aged sufferer. Perhaps, my dear, you will write a short narrative of her, it would be a charming obituary, send it to me when it is drawn up, and I will get it published next month. Don't you think it would be very interesting, Mrs. Clifford, she continued, turning to her, before she had given Emma time to reply.

Emma bit her lips to prevent a smile, though the mention of Susan's name at other times, might more easily have drawn a tear to her eyes.

Mrs. Clifford replied "To us, who have so long witnessed her patient sufferings, every circumstance of Susan's death would be highly interesting; but I doubt whether it would be equally so to the public eye. I agree with you, however, in thinking that Emma has been highly privileged in reading to her from that sacred volume, which has furnished the comfort and support of a long life. In witnessing the triumph of a faith like Susan's, at once so humble and so strong, she has enjoyed an opportunity of instruction which may never again occur, and which, I trust, she will not fail to improve." The clock now struck nine, and our morning visitor, starting from her seat, took a hasty leave, alleging that she had a long way to walk, and must be there by ten o'clock, for if she were not in time for the prayer, she should have to stand all sermon time, as it would be impossible to obtain a seat afterwards."—*Mrs. Marshall.*

THE UNITARIAN LIBRARY.

We are glad to direct the attention of our readers to the Unitarian Library, which will be edited by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D. The prospectus brings before us thirty vols. which will be of inestimable value for religious and theological instruction; private meditation, and domestic worship. The terms of publication promise a saving from thirty to fifty per cent. Four volumes will be issued annually. With the next number of the Christian Freeman, we hope to be able to send enclosed a prospectus of the Unitarian Library.

STICK TO SOME ONE PURSUIT.

There cannot be a greater error than to be frequently changing one's business. If any man will look around, and notice who have got rich, and who have not, out of those he started in life with, he will find that the successful have followed some one pursuit.

Two lawyers, for example, begin to practice at the same time. One devotes his whole mind to his profession; lays in, slowly, a stock of legal learning, and waits patiently, it may be for years, till he gains an opportunity to show his superiority. The other, tiring of such slow work, dashes into politics. Generally, at the end of twenty years, the latter will not be worth a penny, while the former will have a handsome practice.

Two clerks attain a majority simultaneously. One remains with his former employers, or at least, in the same line of trade, at first on a small salary, then on a larger, until finally, if he is meritorious, he is taken into partnership. The other thinks it beneath him to fill a subordinate position, now that he has become a man; and accordingly starts in some other business on his own account, or undertakes a new firm in the old line of trade. Where does it end? Often in insolvency, rarely in riches. To this every merchant can testify.

A young man is bred a mechanic. He acquires a distaste for his trade, however; thinks it is a tedious way to get a-head, and sets out for Australia. But, in most cases, the same restless discontented and speculative spirit which carried him away at first, renders continuous application at any one place irksome to him; and so he goes wandering about the world, a sort of semi-civilized Arab, really a vagrant in character, and sure to die insolvent. Meanwhile, his fellow apprentice, who has staid at home, practising economy and working at his trade, has grown comfortable in circumstances, and is, perhaps, a citizen of mark.

There are men of ability in every walk of life, who are notorious for never getting on. Usually, it is because they never stick to any one business. We know scores of such persons. Go where you will, you will generally find, that the men who have failed in life are those who never stuck to one thing long.

ANATHEMA.

" Around their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom."

RECENTLY, we have frequently been informed of the fulminations of various preachers from their pulpits against Unitarians. Many of these ministers are the less to be excused since they must, we know from their position, be well educated, scholarly men; upon whom much good money, time and anxiety must have been spent, that they might honourably fulfil the duties of their high station, and adorn in all things the doctrines of Christianity. Yet from some of these ministers of the Gospel have recently proceeded the most impious, vulgar, and abusive language to which bigotry and ignorance only could give utterance.

From an able letter written by the Rev. Iden Payne, Unitarian minister of Deal, we learn that the Rev. H. H. Dombrain, Incumbent of St. George's chapel, Deal, inveighed in his Chrismas-day's sermon after the following manner: —"That Unitarians were heretics and scoffers,—they scoffed at the mystery of the Holy Trinity and at Trinitarians for believing it;—that they would be shut out of Heaven for disbelieving the Incarnation of Jesus Christ; and that they and *all* who do not believe the doctrine of the Trinity, will go down to Hell gnawing their tongues."

We have often thought we were anything but emulous of the *position* of a Canon of Durham who said to a Unitarian friend, "I was sorry to see you at our service to-day (an Athanasian-Creed-day) when we had that piece of dirty work to do;" much less enviable, we think, is the *disposition* of the Incumbent of Deal, who went on, in *his* sermon, to glory in the fact, and said, "it was a blessed thing that the creed of St. Athanasius was appointed to be read *thirteen times* in the year;" and used such hideous language concerning the doom of the most of the human race, including, he knows, a host of good men and true, the very best and noblest, many of them, that have ever lived on the earth; some of them too the most illustrious members of the Church of England, of whom the whole Christian Church, England and the world, will ever be proud; men who did not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity; men who, on Christian, scriptural, rational and historical grounds rejected it, and whose faith and life were eminently Christian, universally acknowledged to be so; but of whom the Incumbent of Deal says, "they will have gone down to Hell," &c. &c. And let it be remembered that the same minister must know. That he numbers among the members of his congregation many (compared with Unitarians we could name) "miserable sinners," as they please to call themselves every Sabbath day. And further, he has stood by the grave of men and women and expressed his "sure and certain hope of their glorious resurrection," whose moral worth, piety, and Christian life bore no comparison for goodness with those he says "will be shut out of Heaven." There is one thing quite evident, that this strain of preaching against Unitarians is bringing the doctrine of an endless hell into perfect contempt among the sensible of all congregations. We recently heard of a Trinitarian lady; to whom the damnation of Unitarians was preached, who made this reply: "If exalted company formed one of the joys of heaven and created happiness she would prefer the company of many Unitarians in some lower region than that of many of her Trinitarian friends even in the skies; the disposition, characters, and lives of the former were so much superior to many of those she was told would enter heaven." So, one very good thing that will arise from the holding forth of such views as the Incumbent of Deal, will be the progress of truth, the manifest want of faith in such doctrine, which will ultimately bring it into perfect contempt.

We are most disposed, and so are our friends at Deal, and in all parts, to pity such ravings; and we would not for the whole world retort such language as is from time to time used against us. These denunciations have no more effect in exciting our fears of God's displeasure, than the threat of a Catholic Priest, Mr Spurgeon, or a Mormon Elder. "The denial of our Christian character by fallible and imperfect men gives us no anxiety. Our relation to Jesus Christ is not to be dissolved by the breath of man. Our

Christian rights do not depend on human passions. We have precisely the same power over our brethren which they have over us, and are equally authorised to sever them from the body of Christ. Still more: if the possession of truth gives superior weight to denunciation, we are persuaded that our opposers will be the severest sufferers, should we think fit to hurl back the sentence of exclusion and condemnation. But we have no disposition." Every time we hear our views so judged, and our persons so condemned, we start with fresh energy to make known our simple, yet superior Christian faith, and to reclaim the professed Christian Church from such pernicious errors as are entertained, and from such woeful uncharitableness of doctrine. We hope that this is the general effect upon the Unitarian mind of the course pursued towards us. We are seldom approached by our opponents with scriptural, rational argument to convince us of error; this we could answer, refute, and shew the claim of our views to attention, respect, and adoption. They cannot prove, therefore they reprove. They cannot clothe themselves with argument, therefore they come clothed with infallibility and condemn us. We are sorry we are ever called to notice such conduct of the ministers of any Christian church. With how much more pleasure do we read and commend to the notice of all whom it may concern, the following extract from a sermon by the Rev. C. Kingsley:—

"And what are God's demands? Are they numerous, intricate, burdensome, a yoke which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear? God forbid! 'He hath shewed thee, oh man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And lest thou shouldest mistake in the least the meaning of these words, He hath shewed thee all this, and more, by a living example, fairer than all the sons of men, and through lips full of grace, in the blessed life and blessed death of His son Jesus Christ, the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person. To this, at least, we have already attained. Let us walk by this rule, let us all mind this same thing; and if in anything else we are differently minded, God in His own good time will reveal even that to us.

"Is not this enough, my friends? Then why should we bite and tear each other about that which is over and above this? If any man believes this and acts upon it, let us hail him as a brother. After all, let our differences be what they will, have we not one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all? If this is not bond enough between man and man, what bond would we have? Oh, my friends, when we consider this our little life, how full of ignorance it is and darkness; within us, rebellion, inconstancy, confusion, daily sins, and shortcomings; and without us, disappointment, fear of loneliness, loss of friends, loss of all which makes life worth having,—who are we that we should deny proudly one single tie which binds us to any other human being? Who are we that we should refuse one hand stretched out to grasp our own? Who are we that we should say, 'Stand back, for I am holier than thou?' Who are we that we should judge another? To his own master let him stand or fall. 'Yea, and he shall stand,' says the Apostle; 'for God is able to make him stand.'

"Think of those last words, my friends, they are strong and startling; but we must not shrink from them. They tell us that God may be as near those whom we heap with hard names, as He is near to us; that He may intend that they should triumph, not over us, but with us over evil. And if God be with them, who dare be against them? Shall we be more dainty than God? And therefore I have never been able to hear without a shudder words which I have heard, and from really Christian men too; 'I can wish well to a pious man of a different denomination from mine; I can honour and admire the fruits of God's Spirit in him; but I cannot co-operate with him.' When I hear such language from really good men, I confess I am puzzled. I have no doubt that their reasons seem to them very sound; but what they are I cannot conceive. I cannot conceive why I should not hold out the right hand of fellowship and brotherhood to every man who fears God and works righteousness, of whatsoever denomination he may be."

AN HONEST BOY.

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought him a crown that lay amongst the dust and paper of the sweepings. "That is right," he said again. Always be honest, it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the boy timidly.

"Should I say what?—that honesty is the best policy? Why, its a time-honoured old saying. Don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing. The spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy. "She said we should do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad had resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called. While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is, that a boy of twelve (which is the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop," said the merchant, "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes,—that is what everybody tells me who have boys to dispose of. No doubt, he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant, calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never did I know him to deviate from the right, sir, never. He would restore a pin. Indeed, he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out the flaws on the goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect. Common prudence, you know, is—is common—common prudence—ahem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan, taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times. His hands have been frozen—so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than have been dishonest. I can't account for it,—upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I will adopt him;—and if I have found really one honest boy, thank God!"

This little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor, pious old creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced. "Them that honour Me, I will honour."

REMARKS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE CONSIDERED AS SCRIPTURAL PROOFS OF THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

Heb. xiii. 8. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." It is the opinion of many Trinitarian commentators that this passage simply means that Christianity was, is, and ever will be the same; that it does not change with changing times. The name Jesus Christ is often used in the New Testament, and in our own day, for the Gospel or Christianity. "They ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." "We preach Christ Jesus."

John iii. 23. "That all men should honour the Son even as they honour the Father." This passage of Scripture does not contain one particle of evidence that Jesus Christ is God. We ever esteem it our duty to honour Christ as the sent of God: "For he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father who hath sent him."

Matt. xviii. 20. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xxviii. 20: "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." It is sometimes inferred from these passages that Christ is omniscient and omnipresent, hence God. If we understand these passages literally they do not affirm that Christ exists in every part of space, nor anything to justify this inference; but on the contrary, his promises are con-

fined to his disciples, "to be with *them*," "and in the midst of *them*." And so every true Christian feels, and believes in the presence of his Lord and Master every time he joins in Christian worship. And oftener than this is his Master present to his mind. Christ is not personally present but virtually present. We have never seen his shape with *our* eyes, but we have felt his spirit and the power of his life and can testify "whom having not seen we love." It is said in Scripture concerning the Jews, "They have Moses and the prophets," not personally present we know. Surely, then, Christians may be said to have with them Christ and the Apostles. We have read of an old teacher, Gregory Bar Hebræus, saying to his scholars when dying, "If ye continue in love, I will be amongst you." Christ said to his disciples "Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world." So thou art, Divine Teacher.

Rev. xix. 16. "And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, *King of kings and Lord of lords*." Although this passage is quoted to prove the deity of Christ, there is nothing in these titles but what they plainly express and what we believe, that Christ, in real power and grandeur, is King of kings and Lord of lords, much more so than Artaxeres, who is also called King of kings, (Ezra vii. 12) and more worthy of this title than Nebuchadnezzar, who is also called King of kings. Daniel ii. 37.

Rev. i. 8. "I am *Alpha and Omega*, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord; who is and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty." There is no reason to believe that this passage refers to Christ, and from the fact that the passage should have been translated "*Lord God*," and speaks of the Almighty, it is clear from Christ never having such titles, that the whole passage has reference to God the Father of Jesus Christ.

We concede that the terms *first and last*, *Alpha and Omega*, are applied in Revelations to Christ. They are, we think, very properly so used, as he is the *Author* and *Finisher* of our faith. The foundation and topstone of the Christian church. "Christ is all and in all" to the Christian church.

A TEST OF CHRSTIANITY.

A Christian gentleman had occasion to travel through a newly and thinly settled part of the western country; his companion was a man of intelligence, but of infidel principles, who was fond of discussion, and tried to beguile the way by urging arguments against the truth of the Christian religion. The thinly peopled section of the country which they were passing, was inhabited by a people of a bad reputation, and it had been rumoured that travellers had suffered fatal violence from them, when they were within their power.

As taverns were unknown, our travellers were compelled to trust to the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear. On one occasion, as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging place in a log cabin, far remote from other habitations. They anticipated but little comfort; and were induced to believe that it would be a measure of safety to watch alternately through the night.

As they were about to retire to their rude beds, our host, whose exterior had excited their distrust, proceeded to a shelf, took down an old and much-worn Bible, and informing his visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in so simple a manner as to secure the esteem of the travellers. They retired to rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of alternate watching.

In the morning, the Christian requested his infidel companion to say whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled every particle of distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security.

He was evidently embarrassed by the question; but, at last, he candidly acknowledged that the sight of the Bible had secured him a sound night's rest. Here was a testimony extorted from an infidel, in favour of religion, which he sceptically assailed. He could not harbour a fear of violence from one who was in the habit of daily bending his knee before God. The very creation of the family altar, rendered the house a secure asylum. Who would not be a Christian? Who can be an infidel?

FIVE CONTRADICTORY POINTS OF CALVINISM.

I. It CONTRADICTS ITSELF.—It declares that atonement has been made for none but the elect, and consequently that none others can be saved; and yet asserts that their perdition is their own fault; that all not elected are of course and inevitably destined to misery, and yet that they may be called on to escape this misery. It asserts that Jesus Christ has made full satisfaction to divine justice for the sins of the elect, by taking on himself the punishment of their guilt and paying their debt; and yet that God pardons them freely. It asserts that we are righteous in God's sight only by the righteousness of Christ imputed to us; and yet that every man shall be judged according to his works.

II. It CONTRADICTS THE SCRIPTURES.—The Scriptures tell us that Christ died for *all*, tasted death for every man, is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for those of the *whole world*. This scheme says no; he died for the elect only The Scriptures say that God will give his spirit to all who ask it, that they who seek shall find. This system says that the spirit is given sufficiently to ensure salvation only to the elect; that to the rest it is so given as not to promote their salvation, but only so as to aggravate their condemnation. The Scriptures say that every man shall be judged according to his own deeds and character; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him. But this system declares that men are vile and depraved, and liable to everlasting wrath, not for their own wickedness, but for the sin of Adam *imputed to them;* and that they are righteous and saved, not by their own righteousness, but solely by the righteousness of Christ *imputed to them* and so made theirs.

III. It CONTRADICTS THE CHARACTER OF GOD.—God is infinitely wise, perfectly just, completely good, impartial, merciful. And it is our duty not only to say this, but see to it, that we ascribe to him nothing inconsistent with these attributes. For it is worse to attribute to him evil conduct than to call him by an evil name. But this system says that he has condemned a countless multitude of his human family to hopeless and interminable woe, and has made even helpless infants and playful children to deserve and receive his curse, on account of the transgression of the first man. Does not this appear to contradict a character of impartiality, justice, and mercy? Besides, if we know anything respecting the holy and pure Sovereign of all, it is that holiness and purity, are above all things, his delight. But this system represents him as having delighted in giving existence to a race utterly worthless and incapable of any good. And then, in direct opposition to his attributes of benevolence and mercy, though his name is Love, and he delights to forgive, it represents him as making no attempt to regenerate and purify any but a selected few, and as leaving all the rest to inexorable and endless wrath.

IV. It CONTRADICTS THE BENEVOLENT PRINCIPLES OF OUR NATURE.—God has been pleased to endow us with such principles, as a part of his own image; and they so notoriously oppose and deny the system of which I am speaking, that its advocates have found it necessary to decry them as a part of our original depravity, and the enmity of a corrupt heart to the truth! As if that benevolence, which is the glory of God's character, could ever be anything but a good and right principle in the hearts of his children! As if when commanded "to be merciful as our Father in heaven is merciful," it were intended we should be *less* instead of *more* merciful than we are by nature! Let an earthly parent, thinking to obey this precept strictly, copy the example which this system sets before him. Let him, before his children are born, say "I know they will be refractory, and selfish, and disposed to evil. Therefore, I should be justified in leaving them all to themselves, without attempting to correct them, or make them better. I will, however, favour two of them, will afford them every advantage, and instruction, will advise and warn them, and train them up to respectability and happiness. As for the rest, I will do nothing for them; let them try to please me, I will not be pleased; let them ask instruction, I will not give it; or if I must, for the sake of appearances, yet I will take care that they shall not be benefited by it." Would not all the good and generous feelings of the heart cry out against such a parent? Are they not equally shocked when such a system is attributed to the great Parent of all?

V. It CONTRADICTS THE EXPERIENCE OF EVERY DAY.—What says experience of that fundamental doctrine, total depravity? Are men so vile, so prone to evil, and evil only? Is there nothing good in any? Is there none that you can trust, none that you can love? Are vice and crime their only pleasure, their only end? Let any man look fairly around him, and, bad as the world is—and truly it is bad enough—yet bad as it is, he will not find that it is entirely corrupt. Let him go into the bosom of his family, and soberly ask himself, if experience has given him reason to believe, that his smiling and affectionate, though mischievous children, have nothing in them but a propensity to evil; no good dispositions, no virtuous desires; that the partner of his life has nothing in her which God can love; and that his friends are perfectly hateful in his sight. No man ever learned the doctrine from his own observation. And yet, if human character were such a mass of corruption, we could not avoid seeing and feeling it at every turn. So far as daily experience goes, say what you please of human crimes, I know they are but too many, and too great, and too common, yet let every man judge from his daily experience, and he would as soon believe that heaven is the favourite home of pollution, as that the natural character of man is the abode of *nothing* BUT pollution.

Common observation is quite as adverse to the other doctrines of this system, and proves them to be little better than fictions. Common sense wonders at them. *Reason stands aghast, and Faith itself is half confounded.* And there is no better evidence of the falseness of the whole scheme than the fact, that it is not believed by the great majority of those who profess it. If you state it to them in naked terms, as it is written in the books, they exclaim against it as a misrepresentation, and declare that they have no such faith. Looking to their Bible, and guided by their common sense and native conscience, they essentially mitigate the doctrines where they feel bound to receive. This justice I rejoice to do them. And I find in this circumstance a strong corroboration of my belief that this system, with its five points of faith, and its five times five contradictions, is not the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

From the year 1856, High Churchman as well as Low Churchman, date the decline of Puseyism.

DIFFERENT VIEWS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.—Many of the leading Unitarians are deploring the decline of Unitarianism. The Trinitarian ministers hold a different and more truthful view. They hold it is most alarming the progress that these principles are making in Britain.

We find the following remarks in a Trinitarian monthly journal. "That Mormonism and Unitarianism were rapidly on the increase, and that all Christians ought to unite to stem back the progress of these two most pestiferous errors."

"There is a morning coming," said Dr. Tyng, "when Episcopalianism, and Methodism, and Congregationalism shall be abolished, and all shall stand on the sea of glass, and worship Him that sitteth on the great white throne. I belong to the church of that morning. I like that saying of Whitfield's, 'Father Abraham, have you got Episcopalians up there?'—'No!'—'Have you got Methodists up there?'—'No!'—'Have you got Independents?—'No! none but Christians, my son!'"

ATHANASIAN CREED.—At the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States, some of the ultra dogmatists moved to impose upon the Church the absurd Athanasian Creed One of its dogmas affirms, that "except a man believe it faithfully he cannot be saved." If none be saved even in the Episcopal Church but those who believe that creed "*faithfully*," we reckon the number of saints in glory will not be over large.

SUPERSTITION.—The royalist lazzaroni at Naples, maintain that the king was saved by a miracle from the thrust aimed by the assassin, the bayonet having touched a medal consecrated to the Holy Virgin, which his majesty wore. Another section of the lazzaroni have a different story, and contend that Milano ought to be worshipped as a saint, having sacrificed his life for the benefit of the people; the more so, since, as they relate, "five white doves were seen to fly around the gibbet at his execution," a manifest proof, they declare, of the divine favour in behalf of the assassin.

In 1771, the present meeting house in Amherst, Mass., was erected. The following extract from the town records will show the state of public feeling then in regard to the use of ardent spirits 'A committee was chosen to purchase New England rum, *not exceeding eight barrels*, and one barrel of brown sugar, for raising the meeting house.' The raising was prolonged for several days, and during this four days' meeting, it must have been a glorious time for the builders. What zeal that class must have had for the building of meeting houses!"

DIFFERENT COLOURS OF MOURNING.—In Europe *black* is generally used, because it represents darkness, which death is like unto, as it is a privation of life. In China, *white* is used, because they hope that the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, *yellow* is used, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers, which became yellow as they die away. In Ethiopia, *brown* is used, because it denotes the colour of the earth from whence we came, and to which we return, In some parts of Turkey, *blue* is used, because it represents the sky, where they hope the dead are gone; but in other parts, *purple* and *violet*, because, being a mixture of black and blue, it represents as it were, sorrow on the one side and hope on the other.

DISCUSSION ON THE TRINITY.

A discussion on the doctrine of a Triune deity was recently held in the United States, between N. Summervill, Christian, and M. Flood, Methodist. The following is an extract from one of the speeches of Mr. Summervill. "My brother says "he must see deeper waters." "I gave him *twenty-seven* propositions and he answered *one*. I will now read him *fifty propositions* involved in his doctrine, he must try to answer them and they will lead him into waters deep enough.

1. He believes in three persons, all of whom are Jehovah.
2. Three persons, all of whom are God.
3. Three persons, all first and last.
4. Three persons, all Alpha and Omega.
5. Three persons, all king of Israel.
6. Three persons to pray to.
7. Three persons to honour equally.
8. Three persons to worship.
9. Three persons to love equally.
10. Three persons to obey equally.
11. Three persons all supreme.
12. Three persons all infinite.
13. Three persons, all self-existent
14. Three persons to wear the crown in heaven.
15. Three persons to sit on the throne of heaven.
16. Three persons to hold the sceptre in heaven.
17. Three persons, all equal in power.
18. Three persons, all equal in glory.
19. Three persons equal in substance.
20. Three persons equal in eternity.
21. Three persons, different persons, yet the same God.
22. Three persons equal, but one giving power to another.
23. Three persons with a man mediator.
24. Three persons creating the universe.
25. Three persons giving the law.
26. Three persons the God of Abraham.
27. Three persons to be atoned.
28. Three persons to be reconciled.
29. Three persons to look to for pardon.
30. Three persons whose laws are broken.
31. Three persons praying to each other.
32. Three persons obeying each other.
33. Three persons giving the kingdom to each other.
34. Three persons equal, but one inferior to another.
35. Three persons equal, but one praying to another.
36. Three persons equal, but one exalting the other.
37. Three persons equal, but one giving life to another.
38. Three omnipotent persons.
39. Three omnipresent persons.
40. Three omniscient persons.
41. Three persons, all the only wise God.
42. Three persons, all the mighty God.
43. Three persons, all the most high God.
44. Three persons, all the eternal God.
45. Three persons, each the everlasting Father.
46. Three persons, each the first great Cause.
47. Three persons, all husband to the church.
48. Three persons, all equally God.
49. Three persons all equal; so that if the Son has a man added, each to be equal, must have a man added.
50. Three persons all God, and a man more.

And in conclusion, I will say, that if all these make one God and no more, then farewell to all rationality for evermore.

DIAMOND DUST.

Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful spirit, like snow drifts before the sun.

Some men live as if they were poor all their lives, to be wealthy when they die.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bound which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire—so wealth acquired by industry proves commonly more lasting than that which descends from our ancestors.

Truth is not only a man's ornament but his instrument. It is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock: a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit.

Men that are often angry and for every trifle, in a little time will be little regarded; and they that reprove with passion, will be less regarded when they reprove with reason.

The wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of omniscience alone.

A fool, with the majority on his side, is the greatest tyrant in the world.

What God has commanded must be done. What must be done may be done: pleas of inability are therefore impertinent.

There is a spiritual pulsation, as well as a natural one, and a wise man therefore will be often feeling the pulse of his spirit, to discover the state of his health. There is also a spiritual respiration, as well as a natural one to take heed in what air his spirit breathes, whether it be heavenly or infernal, because the spiritual life must needs be affected accordingly.

Humility does not consist in telling our faults, but in bearing to be told of them, in hearing them patiently, even thankfully; in correcting ourselves when told, in not hating those who tell us of them.

To have right notions and tempers with relation to this world, is as essential to religion as to have right notions of God. And it is as impossible for a man to worship a crocodile, and yet be a pious man, as to have his affections set upon this world, and yet be a good Christian.

It is not to be expected that *another* man should think as I would, to please me, since I cannot think as I would to please myself; it is neither in his power nor mine to think always as we will, but as we see reason and find cause.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock;
Whose heart conceives no sinister device,
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Be not ashamed of an humble parentage, or an humble occupation; be not ashamed of poverty, or even of a small amount of natural endowments, lest you should thereby reproach the King of kings; but be ashamed of misspent time and misdirected talents. Be always ashamed of vice. A wicked man cannot be truly brave or noble.

If you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. There is more merit in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smooths his wax-end with a song will do as much work in a day as one given to ill-nature and fretting would effect in a week. Songs are like sunshine; they run to cheerfulness—to fill the bosom with buoyancy that for the time being you feel filled will June air, or like a meadow of clover in blossom.

PIETY OF JESUS.

It would be well for us, well for the Christian church and well for the world, were all more deeply imbued with the *Piety of Jesus*.

We extol his discourses, we reverence his life, we bow before his authority, we believe in his Messiahship, we are called by his name; we admire his benevolence; his resignation hath a perfect charm to us; his long suffering, gentleness and kindness are world wide in their influence, and will be held in remembrance by all generations; but this excellent life, these adorable qualities arose not from a mere system of moral goodness. Its source was a real and living faith in a living God; not a cold speculation on some great first cause who *was*, but who is, and who will be for evermore; in whom we live, and move, and have our being; who knows all our fears, who counts our tears, and numbers the very hairs of our head:—A God who heareth prayer. Christ's life was a life which pleased God, and which *always* pleased him; and the vital principle of that life was, as it is of all Christian life, living near to God: God was his strength.

This pure faith, this simple trust in sovereign, universal, care, and power, and goodness, was *ever* exemplified in the life of Jesus, and was the foundation of his piety as it must be of all real piety and Christian trust. His *instruction* on this branch of Christian life, how *simple*, how *plain*: "When ye pray, say, Our Father who art in heaven." How *encouraging* his counsel to this practice. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find; if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father who is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask him. How *believingly* he prayed: "I thank thee Father thou has heard me, I know that thou hearest me always." How *regular* was his practice of public worship: "As his *custom* was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." He frequently left the company of his disciples, withdrew himself unto the wilderness, and continued all night in prayer to God.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of his prayer."

How rational and instructive the form of words he recommends, "Use not vain repetitions, your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." How *sincere*, "He kneeled down and prayed, and being in agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground." With what *resignation* during the severest trials: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." How benevolent his devotion in the midst of suffering, the scoff aud taunt of his murderers: "Father forgive them they know not what they do." How *confidingly* he offers his last breath in pious trust: "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

"How bright a pattern and how pure"

Jesus gives of a vigorous, fervent spirit of piety; of unceremonious, simple, acceptable worship of the Father, in spirit and in truth; of resignation to the will of God; of implicit submission to all his pleasure. Nor is there any principle which he inculcates more earnestly and more frequently upon his disciples than the necessity and propriety of having recourse to God in prayer; of absolute dependence upon him; of the most ardent love and filial awe toward him; of the most anxious and incessant endeavour to obey his will and to promote his glory. In teaching and in practising every form of virtue aud piety he lived; and in the cause of truth and benevolence he died.

A RUSSIAN POEM, ON THE DEITY.

THIS sublime ode is said to be translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, it is written on silk and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin. It is said to be embroidered in gold and hung up in the temple of Jeddo, in Japan.

These nations have done themselves honour in so honouring this noble composition.

We commend it to the careful study of our readers.

O, Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy—all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-everlasting flight,
Thou only God: there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty one!
Who none can comprehend, and none explore;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er;—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did call
First, Chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from Thee; all light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty, thine,
Thy word created all, and doth create:
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! glorious! great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining, potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander, unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams;
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams!
But Thou to these art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am *I* then?—Nought.

Nought—but the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too!
Yes in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeams in a drop of dew.
Nought—but I live and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell: I lift my eye
Even to the throne of thy divinity:
I am, O God, and surely *Thou must be*!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand:
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth;
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god:
Whence came I here and how? so marvellously
Constructed and concieved? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes—thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord;
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plentitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere!
Even to its source—to Thee—its author there.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar.
Thus seek thy presence—being wise and good!
'Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore:
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The *soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.*

DERZHAZIN.

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